



The Story



4 0 1

Chapter 1 by Christopher Harper

The Story.

CHAPTER 1

I was sitting on the bench right next to my best friend Sam Jackson, Sam grabbed a cup of water from the tray and rinsed his mouth out. I turned my head nervously when I heard the screeching sound of the whistle. I saw my fellow teammate, Daniel Ryans, one arm in a brace and the other holding it in pain. He cursed as he walked down to the locker room. Coach Darius called my me and put me in. As I walked into the huddle my hands shook, my knees felt like jello, I thought to myself this is my first play of the year, and it's in the championships. A smile leaped onto my face, my smile was so big my mouthpiece almost fell out. John Carr, the quarterback, called out the play, Streak Screen. I new this play like the back of my hand, the team lined up on the offensive line. Carr yelled, "Hike!" I ran straight, he pump faked the screen, then he chunked it long to me, I jumped up, everything turned to slo motion, I saw the cornerback rushing to me, he jumped up swatted the ball up in the air. By this time I knew I had it, I blinked and the ball was gone, the linebacker jumped in from the side and intercepted it.

Our team was doomed.

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John was sprinting down the sideline, Sam was on the sidelines, my coach, he looked disappointed, he slammed his play book, I saw the cornerback rushing to me, he jumped up swatted the ball up in the air. By this time I knew I had it, I blinked and the ball was gone, the linebacker jumped in from the side and intercepted it.

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attempt at the five yard line to tackle..... but I tripped. As the kicker stretched for the extra-point, the clock hit 0:00 and the mocking sound of the buzzer led us to the locker room.

I opened my pale-white dusty locker. Shoved my pads and jersey into it, and walked out. I went to go get my bike and it was gone. I muttered to myself this couldn't get ANY worse. Then, I felt a raindrop on my nose.

Once I got home, I looked like I jumped into my neighbor's pool. I cooked some Mac N' Cheese, and did my homework. Pulled out my bag and threw the C- test grade away. I was doing my homework and took a sip of my drink, and spilled it all over the table, including my food and paper everything was soaked. I yelled, "Dang it!" It was my curse. My curse is basically my Great Grandmother Bri, ran into a mythical spirit. Long story short, don't mess with a mythical spirit in a desert, in a pyramid, where King Toot or whatever his name was buried. As you can tell I don't pay attention in history. My history teacher is Mr. Bore. But me and my friends call him Mr. Boring. Back to the curse, you can solve it if you find the "Spirit Pot" or whatever it's called, and get the spirit out or something, and then apologize, but it's gonna be IMPOSSIBLE. Anyways, my homework was soaked and then I have to go back to school and get a fly-paper and have an in-school suspension just because of My GREAT GRANDMOTHER BRI! Oh wait, I forgot the main part. I'm Andy Jonas. Nice to meet you.

CHAPTER 2

I woke up, took a shower, pondered my existence, checked my Instagram, saw my puny amount of followers and saw that my mom likes EVERY SINGLE ONE of my photos. Got dressed,

brushed my teeth, put on my deodorant, and then ate leftover BBQ chicken for breakfast. Hopped on the bus, went to Mr. F's class, then my favorite Mr. Ditka's Gym Class. As I was talking to my friend, I heard that everyone else calls him (or maybe it's just me) Str. I replied, don't know, don't care, hope it's something fun though. I walked out to the gym, and I sat next to Elliott, Mr.

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Ditka and Mr. B put on some music and told us to stand up. Then he asked us to do the warm up. 5 push ups, 10 jumping jacks, 5 curl ups, then repeat. Do I really have to do this.... it STINKS. Can we just get to the REAL activity already?!?

While I was doing my curl-ups for the final time, Mr. Ditka blew his whistle, and called us over to sit in an equilateral triangle, so we just splattered out and sat with our friends. Then a new kid walked in, she-was-BEAUTIFUL, blonde hair blowing in the wind, perfect grey eyes. Man. I wish I could be her boyfriend. "Okay, let's go guys come on!" Mr. B shouted. Oh no, Beautiful girl, you made me miss my lesson! Elliott told me it was football. So that was a relief.

Chapter 3

I threw the ball and he tossed it back, and we repeated that process, until the ball slipped out of my hand. "Whoops, I'll get that." As I walked over to where the ball landed. I noticed a glint of light that got my mind off of the ball, so I walked to the storage closet to see what the mysterious glint of light was coming from. The Storage Closet? I dug through the smashed kickballs, dirty baseballs, flat soccer balls, some boys' old gym socks, then I found it. A gravy boat?!?! Wow, thanks.

I brought it home to my house, and as I was walking I found my bike dented at the front yard. I took out my phone from the bag and asked Elliott to come over. I also called my team mate Ryan (AKA the one who failed at tackling the linebacker, wait, why am I saying that I failed too.) After waiting a couple minutes I saw them come to my house. If you didn't know, Elliott is tall, like 6'0, and has glasses, red curly hair, and usually dresses nice. Ryan is around 5'0, and has black hair, and sorta kinda, wait should I say it, he's, um, a geekish person, but is really smart and funny. And popular. And has way more followers on Instagram than me.

Anyways, I took the Gravy Boat out of my bag and set it on the table. Then the unexpected happened.

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Chapter 4

My doorbell rang! I walked over and it was that "Beautiful Girl." She walked in and sat down on our couch. I looked at Ryan and said, "What the heck?" I asked her what she was doing, and she said, "I need to talk to you." She asked me "Did you see a lamp at school?" and I said "Lamp? No, I saw a gravy boat though." "Can you pull it outta your bag!"

I pulled it out, and it was prettier than I thought, purple shiny jewels, lining the sides. Almost golden color in the perfect amount of light.

"Wait, what's your name though?" I asked. "Kora." she replied. "Anyways, is this what you are looking for?" "Oh my gosh, yes!" She ripped it out of my hands, and....

....DROPPED IT....

.....it broke into shards.

I went outside and sat on the deck, and put my hands over my face. "Uhh, No-o-o!" I yelled. Kora came over and plopped down beside me. She cleared her throat, her voice sounded like she was crying on the inside. Her crackly voice uttered out, "Sorry."

I replied, "It's okay, I have plenty of superglue." She chuckled.

As I picked up the pieces, I saw the initials K.T. on one of the broken shards. I snuck that piece in my pocket.

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Chapter 5

I walked down the hall, my water I missed like 1 million times. I went to the team locker room and put my pads on then my helmet and slapped

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the Bulldogs logo. Took my spot on the bench the all of the sudden my coach said, "Hey whatcha doin' their, get out there Andy!"

I ran out to the huddle "HB Dive, got it guys?" John said.

"Yep." I responded. Okay, it's just a block, how hard can it be?

"Blue 42! Blue 42! Set Hut!"

The ball snapped I ran to block.

CRACKKKKK

Last thing I remember was running to block nothing else after. All I know is that I broke my nose and my arm. Also that John told me I passed out and they had to clean the field and delay the game because of all the blood. Now I'm in a frickin' hospital bed. Then I'm gonna have to have a brain hook up my nose and pull that nasal bone down where it should be because my nose is totally crooked. My arm is raised above my head in a plain white cast. But I was still in my pads underneath a flat non-king-sized bed. Actually about 3x smaller than a toddler bed. But I'll take it.

I had an IV in my arm. And I almost fell back asleep instantly. But when I woke up I was back at my house. With Kora.

She was staring over me like she saw a ghost. But then I realized I had a broken arm, a nose the size of a watermelon.

"So, umm, how.... are.... you? Yeah, that's it, how are you Andy?" Kora said sorta discombobulated.

"Fi-i-i-i-ne." I replied jokingly.

Chapter 6

I wobbled up off of the couch. Kora took my hand and helped me over to the counter. I sat down on the stool and she sat in front of me on another stool. She asked me how I was doing for probably the 100th time, and like I always do I answered, "Good."

It was another beautiful, BEAUTIFUL, day in the land of underwear beds and dead fish (or at least that's what it smelled like) as I lay in my fancy bed made of the finest tidy-whities. The sheet was only pulled up to my chest. But it was okay. I grabbed the TV remote and tuned to

channel 252 and watched some SpongeBob. Then ate some cereal.

Lucky Charms are just the best. See more of Story Wars with the oat cereal I think?

"Honey" my mom yelled.

Uh-Oh, what happened.

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When I walked down-stairs she had my pants. And inside of the pocket she found this shard that was labeled K.T.

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